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THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER.

his business, and, leaving the office of dragoman to faithful followers in his role, we now find him located at No. 17 Union Square, New York City, with a dazzling and bewildering stock of Oriental wares.

It is true that, previous to the settlement of Far-Away-Moses in our city as a merchant, we had very reliable knowledge of Eastern manufactures, but it is also true that through his importations this knowledge was not only improved and enlarged, but there was a sensible cultivation of taste for the products of Eastern looms. We can all remember when a Turkey carpet was a curio in the possession of a fortunate few, and when a genuine Smyrna rug was a treasure within the reach of only the enviably wealthy. Now and then a Persian fabric made its way to our country; and here and there, either in the stock of some enterprising importer, or as a coveted private piece of property, were to be seen Bagdad hangings and rich specimens of Damascus silks, and Aleppo and Armenian embroideries. Even in the International Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, with Far-Away-Moses as importer, these rare goods were not abundant; while it remained for him so to recommend them to American favor that their popularity has steadily increased from that time to the present.

But whatever may have been the cause of his departure, whether with his pockets as full as he wished, or from a longing once again to behold the glories of the Golden Horn, and to bathe in the Fountain of Sweet Waters on the banks of the Bosphorus, Far-Away-Moses had his day in New York, and disposing of his stock of merchandise, he returned to his native land, and is now the proud proprietor of the largest and most richly furnished shop in the Stamboul Bazaar. It is shrewdly suspected that the means for all the glow and gorgeousness in the appointments of this shop may have come from the proprietor's profits in trade in America, yet there is no one who in a transaction with Far-Away-Moses had cause to complain of the character and quality of his wares, or of unscrupulousness in prices. With all Oriental merchants, it must be said, there is a sliding scale of prices, and this understood to tend downward. It is expected that the buyer should seek to drive a bargain—a vicious principle with both seller and purchaser, it is to be conceded—nor was our Turkish dealer, while in this country, nor is he now, in his shop in Constantinople, an exception to the rule which obtains among all Eastern tradesmen.

There is not much chance, however, to secure large concessions from him when he is fully persuaded that he is offering a peculiarly rare or a very superior or desirable article. It is useless to say to him, "I have seen attar-of-roses much cheaper than this you are showing me." "Very well," he will reply, "then you had better buy it. But perhaps you will find that you have not a very pure article. Mine I warrant genuine. Trust me for that."

It is in vain that you protest against a hundred francs, or it may be five hundred or a thousand francs, for an enameled cup, a rare piece of Salonica embroidery, or an antique jewel. "Very well," he will say, coolly, "if you can find anything like one or other in all the Stamboul shops, you can have what you wish at half price."

A Kurdistan rug or a Bokhara carpet may seem almost fabulously extravagant in price when offered by him so near the place of manufacture. "But examine the quality," he will say, "I don't think you have seen anything quite equal to it," turning the rug or carpet, and calling attention to the fact that it is woven by hand, as are all the Oriental carpetings, and is not the product of machinery. "Something that looks very like it? Oh, yes; but not the same. See here!" and at once he will proceed to pull down carpet after carpet, rug after rug, to convince the purchaser that he is not guilty of extortion in demanding high figures for exceptionally fine goods.

Unlike almost any shop in the Stamboul Bazaar, that of Far-Away-Moses comprises six or more rooms, and runs up to the second story. It is usual in the afternoons when strangers in Constantinople may be able to find their way across the bridge from Pera to the Great Bazaar in Stamboul, for the merchants to post themselves at the doors of their respective shops, and in some wise tempt to entrance. An elegant rug, a sumptuous hanging, a marvellous piece of embroidery, perhaps, swings beside the open portal; or the turbaned and smiling dealer holds in his hand a wonderful necklace of amber, the silver wedding head-dress of a long ago dead Bedouin woman, a

unique piece of Turkish enameling, a Damascus blade, a pint bottle of attar-of-roses, a pair of slippers brave in tinsel work, a jeweled narghieh, or some other irresistible attraction, with the open disengaged hand pointing to what is within. It is not always, even when so tempted, that the mere stroller through the bazaar is cajoled into spending money; and then other resources are brought to bear in order to coax out the contents of the purse. As if planned in advance, a servitor appears with a rich metal tray on which is handed, in the most dainty little cups imaginable, the most fragrant tea or coffee; and it may be there is a box of the delicious fig paste, known as Turkish delight; and the hospitable cup, or the luscious *bon-bon* forced upon you, it would be basely ungrateful not to buy of your generous host. The purchase will probably be a thing not needed and furthest from intention. After several visits to the Stamboul Bazaar, one is not so easily entrapped by the systematic waylaying process resorted to by the shopkeepers.

"We are looking for the shop of Far-Away-Moses," said a lady of our party, as we turned into a narrow street which did not lead directly into the maze of streets and alleys that thread the vast establishment comprehended in the Stamboul Bazaar.

"I am Far-Away-Moses," said a grave-looking man, whom, with the change made by age, we failed to recognize as our old acquaintance of Union Square; "and this is my shop"—pointing to a store at his rear, and, conducting us through a confusing array of carpets and rugs, seemingly from all the looms in the East, upholstery materials of known and unknown manufactures, hangings and draperies describable and indescribable, we were piloted up a short flight of steps to the rooms on the second floor. Here an absolute wealth of curios is exposed to view—barbaric conceits as unique in design, as remarkable in workmanship—embroideries, time-stained and in some cases ragged, valued at more than their weight in gold; fabrics said to be a century old, glistening with threads of the precious metals and aglow with colors; jewels, armor, weapons—treasures innumerable, which could find fit place only in a museum—and all the collection of a comparatively few years. We were surprised.

"You have surely exhausted the East," said one of our party, turning from a glass case that would have made the happiness of a virtuoso.

"By no means," said Moses; "we are all the time adding to our stock"—at the moment picking up a little enameled trinket, upon which a lady had set her heart, and complacently quoting a price that might have startled an American millionaire.

Across a gallery which overhangs an open court we were led into what is properly the carpet department of the establishment, and here again surprises awaited us. The supply was as rich as varied, and gave us to understand how little we are prepared to appreciate, in our own land, the resources not only of manufacture in the East, but of device and design.

The sententious "Cheap!" of Far-Away-Moses failed in significance and seemed to us a mockery when, with provoking coolness, he quoted prices in hundreds (English) money, and in thousands (French) currency. None of us bought; we had no idea of buying—but with a feeling of covetousness that I could not disguise from my conscience I, for one, turned away from certain of these elegant productions of the Eastern looms, and brought with me from the shop of Far-Away-Moses a vision of glow and color as warm and brilliant as burns on an American mountain side in middle October.

A PAINTED TAPESTRY.

THE representation of a Painted Tapestry on the opposite page is a reproduction of a beautiful creation, by the artist E. Richter. The subject is entitled "The Captive," and refers to a passage in Victor Hugo's work "Les Orientales." This tapestry, among many others equally beautiful, is produced by The American Tapestry and Decorative Co., of this city.

This house is taking the lead in interior decoration for the reason that its motto is "Artists and not Mechanics" for decoration. It has in its employ thirty-five artists, many of whom are gold medallists. Tapestry painting plays only a part in its operations, but the same delicacy of coloring and the same life and spirit exhibited in its tapestries are manifest in its general work. Among the buildings recently decorated by the firm is that of Dr. Keyes, 74th street and Fifth avenue.



A PAINTED TAPESTRY, BY THE AMERICAN TAPESTRY AND DECORATIVE CO., NEW YORK.
SUBJECT—"THE CAPTIVE."